

P O E M S,

BY

J. AIKIN, M.D.

— ubi quid datur oti
Illudo chartis: hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitiiis unum. HORAT.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCH-YARD.

M D C C X C I.

P O E M S

BY

J. A. K. M. M. D.

THE NEW YORK
LIBRARY OF THE
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PRINTED BY J. J. LONDON, NO. 10, N. Y.
CHURCH STREET
NEW YORK

P R E F A C E.

Of the Pieces contained in the following Collection, the greater number are addressed to the lovers of poetry in general, who will undoubtedly appreciate them by a fair estimate of the degree of pleasure or distaste they may experience in the perusal.

A few of them, however, are by their subject precluded from so impartial a judgment. They will certainly meet with as decided a condemnation from one set of readers, as they can possibly obtain applause from another. If, then, it be asked, "Why hazard the success of the whole, by a mixture of such, as at best can only expect divided-suffrages?" I reply, that with a mind strongly impressed with determined opinions on some of the most important topics that actuate mankind,

I could not rest satisfied without attempting to employ
(as far as I possessed it) the noblest of arts, in the service
of the noblest of causes.

But to those who think with me, yet whose friendship may have led them to wish, from personal considerations, that I had always kept my opinions respecting these points within my own breast, I shall beg leave, by way of further preface, to offer the following

COUNTER-REMONSTRANCE.

Patiar vel inconsultus haberi.

HOR.

I PR'YTHEE no more, dear importunate friend!

'Tis enough to have lavish'd advice to no end;

Your sage admonitions have reach'd me too late,

My purpose is fix'd, and I stand by my fate.

To make great acquaintance, to live in high style,
 To figure in crowds with a nod and a smile,
 To loll in my chariot, and treat with French dishes,
 Were never the things that excited my wishes.

No mortal alive is less plagued with the itch
 Of haunting the steps of the titled and rich;
 And rather by far I'd converse with the dead,
 Than mix in the mobs of fine folks, finely bred.

To please all the world, like the man in the fable,
 Is no passion of mine, were I ever so able;
 And much do I pity those ill-judging elves
 Who in striving for that, never please their own selves.

Then why should I truckle and fimper and sneak,
 Be all things to all, and think twice ere I speak,

With caution each doubtful opinion conceal,
Nor dare to express what I cannot but feel?

What want I in life to be bought at the price
Of courting proud folly, or crouching to vice?
What is there should tempt me my freedom to barter,
Or a tittle to bate of an Englishman's charter?

Shall the mind that has drawn from the poet and sage
Some share of the nurture of every fair age,
Shrink back with false shame, or be dazzled with awe,
When weakness or prejudice lays down the law?

The first rights of Nature when tyrants invade,
And Freedom and Justice aloud call for aid,
Unmov'd at the voice shall I stupidly stand,
Or raise in the conflict a timorous hand?

O never must cold-hearted Selfishness know
The noble delights of a generous glow,
The triumphant emotions that swell in the mind,
When Reason and Truth gain the cause for mankind!

From the taste of these joys shall I meanly stoop down,
And deaden my heart with the fear of a frown;
Weigh a sentiment's worth with the chance of a fee,
And throw in the scale, "Why 'tis nothing to me?"

Is it nought to be lord of a liberal breast;
Is Truth a mere phantom, and Freedom a jest;
Must we hold our opinions for better for worse,
And confine all our study to filling the purse?

You say I'm dependent——'Tis true, my good friend,
On my industry, skill, and good name I depend;

If such a reliance is built upon stubble,
'Tis time to depart, for this world is a bubble!

But better I augur——so clear up your brow;
To my patron, THE PUBLIC, some reason allow;
The passion of bigots is not worth the heeding;
While the world likes my service, 'twill give me a feeding.

CONTENTS.

To Mrs. Barbauld at Geneva	-	-	Page	1
A Wish	-	-	-	10
A Wife's Absence lamented	-	-	-	16
A Winter Piece	-	-	-	20
Duncan's Warning	-	-	-	22
Sufanna's Vigil	-	-	-	26
Arthur and Matilda	-	-	-	31
To Miss E. on her Hair	-	-	-	42
A Fire-side Meditation	-	-	-	44
To the Birds in my Aviary	-	-	-	48
Picturefque, a Fragment	-	-	-	52
A Sketch of the Reign of Louis XIV.	-	-	-	58
Ode to the Genius of a Commonwealth	-	-	-	63
Epistle to Mr. Aikin	-	-	-	69
Sonnet to Mrs. Barbauld	-	-	-	75
—— to his Excellency George Washington	-	-	-	76
—— to the Rev. Joseph Priestley, LL.D. F.R.S.	-	-	-	77
—— to Richard Price, D. D. F. R. S.	-	-	-	78

To the Memory of Miss Mary Anne Bayley -	Page	79
On the Death of J. Howard, Esq. - -		80
Epistle to the Rev. W. Enfield, LL. D. - -		82
Horatian Philosophy - - - -		90
Cupid and his Tutor, from Bion - -		94
Ulysses in the Island of Calypso - -		96
On Troy - - - - -		99
A Chorus from Hercules Furens - -		100
The Myrtle, or desired Transmigration - -		107
A Country Life, from Fracastorius - -		115
A Rural Dialogue, from the Italian of A. Poliziano		129
Horace, Ode xxiii. Book III. imitated - -		134

ERRATA.

P. 38, l. 5, *dele* "before."

P. 54, l. 11, in some copies, for "shapeless," *read* shapely.

TO MRS. BARBAULD AT GENEVA;

Written from Yarmouth, in 1785.

Isthuc mens animusque,
Fert, et amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.

HORAT.

FROM YARE'S low banks, where thro' the marshy plain
He leads his scanty tribute to the main,
On sea-girt Albion's farthest eastern bound,
Where direful shoals extend their bulwark round,
To thee I turn, my sister and my friend!
On thee from far the mental vision bend.
O'er land, o'er sea, freed Fancy speeds her flight,
Waves the light wing, and tow'rs her airy height:
And now the chalky cliffs behind her fly,
And Gallia's realms in brilliant prospect lie;

Now rivers, plains, and woods, and vales are cross'd,
 And many a scene in gay confusion lost,

'Till 'mid Burgundian hills she joins her chafe,

And social transport crowns the rapid race.

Fair land! by nature deck'd, and grac'd by art,

Alike to cheer the eye and glad the heart,

Pour thy soft influence through LETITIA's breast,

And lull each swelling wave of care to rest;

Heal with sweet balm the wounds of pain and toil;

Bid anxious busy years restore their spoil;

The spirits light, the vigorous soul, infuse;

And, to requite thy gifts, bring back the Muse.

For sure that Muse, whose far-resounding strains

Ennobled Cymus' rocks and Mersey's plains,

Shall here with boldest touch awake the lyre,

Soar to new heights, and glow with brighter fire.

Methinks I hear the sweetly-warbled note
 On Seine's meand'ring bosom gently float; *
 Suzon's rude vale repeats the charming voice,
 And all around the vine-clad hills rejoice:
 Now all thy grots, Auxelles! † with music sound;
 From crystal roofs and vaults the strains rebound:
 Befançon's splendid tow'rs the song partake,
 And breezes waft it to the Lemán lake.
 Delightful lake! whose margin gay and green
 Smiles in soft contrast to the rugged scene
 Of stern-brow'd Alps, where storms eternal roll,
 How must thy varied charms entrance the soul!

* This passage alludes to descriptions in Mrs. B's letters. The *Val de Suzon*, beyond the source of the Seine, is a romantic rocky valley like that of Middleton in Derbyshire, but richly clothed with wood.

† The stalactitical grottoes of *Auxelles* in Franche Comté, having the appearance of a large Gothic church with its various ornaments, formed by petrifications from the roof.

With what high passions must thy prospect move

The heart that beats to liberty and love!

Around, fair Freedom builds her lofty throne,

And rocks and valour guard it for her own;

While deep within embow'ring shades conceal'd,

To none but Cupid's mystic band reveal'd,

Clarens! * thy roofs ascend, with turrets crown'd,

And love and Julia fill th' enchanted ground.

Such, my LETITIA, on thy ravish'd eyes

Bursts the bright view, the vivid landscapes rise;

While from my sight the air-drawn pictures fade,

And fancy's glafs bedimm'd denies its aid;

The colours melt, the lines dissolve in space,

And cold realities usurp the place.

* Near the lake of Geneva: the scene of Rousseau's *Julie*, or *New Eloise*.

What different scenes succeed!—a sterile shore,
 Long level plains, the restless ocean's roar,
 The rattling car, the shipwright's sturdy toil,
 The far-spread net, and heaps of finny spoil.
 Keen Eurus here sweeps o'er th' unshelter'd land,
 Shakes the strong dome, and whirls the loosen'd sand:
 Fair Flora shrinks; the trees averted bend,
 While their thin boughs a scanty shade extend:
 And, for the flowering thickets cheerful notes,
 Here hungry sea-fowl stretch their clamorous throats.

And yet, e'en here, the soul-directed sight,
 Which nature's views in ev'ry form delight,
 May catch, as o'er the brighten'd scene they gleam,
 Grandeur's strong ray, or beauty's softer beam.

Frequent along the pebbly beach I pace,
And gaze intent on Ocean's varying face,
Now from the main rolls in the swelling tide,
And waves on waves in long procession ride;
Gath'ring they come, 'till, gain'd the ridgy height,
No more the liquid mound sustains its weight;
It curls, it falls, it breaks with hideous roar,
And pours a foamy deluge on the shore:
From the bleak pole now driving tempests sweep,
Tear the light clouds, and vex the ruffled deep:
White on the shoals the spouting breakers rise,
And mix the waste of waters with the skies:
The anchoring vessels, stretch'd in long array,
Shake from their bounding sides the dashing spray;
Lab'ring they heave, the tighten'd cables strain,
And danger adds new horror to the main.

Then shifts the scene, as to the western gales most still
Delighted Commerce spreads her crowded sails.
A cluster'd group the distant fleets appear,
That, scatt'ring, breaks in varied figures near:
Now, all-illum'd by the kindling ray,
Swan-like, the stately vessel cuts her way:
The full-wing'd barks now meet, now swiftly pass,
And leave long traces in the liquid glass:
Light boats, all-sail, athwart the current bound,
And dot with shining specks the surface round.
Nor with the day the sea-born splendours cease:
When ev'ning lulls each ruder gale to peace,
The rising moon with silv'ry lustre gleams,
And shoots across the flood her quiv'ring beams.
Or, if deep gloom succeed the sultry day,
On ocean's bosom native meteors play,

Flash from the wave, pursue the dipping oar,
And roll in flaming billows to the shore.

'Tis thus, within this narrow nook confin'd,
I strive to feed with change th'infatiate mind.
But surer aid the Muses' stores impart,
With each new world of science and of art;
And, more than all, the joys of sacred home
Forbid my heart to pant, my feet to roam.
Yet one dear wish still struggles in my breast,
And points one darling object unpossess'd:
How many years have whirl'd their rapid course,
Since we, sole streamlets from one honour'd source,
In fond affection as in blood allied,
Have wander'd devious from each other's side;
Allow'd to catch alone some transient view,
Scarce long enough to think the vision true!

- O then, while yet some zeft of life remains,
While transport yet can swell the beating veins,
While sweet remembrance keeps her wonted feat,
And fancy still retains some genial heat,
When evening bids each busy task be o'er,
Once let us meet again—to part no more!

Modicus voti, pressio lare, dulcis amicis.

PERS.

THOUGH Time has not sprinkled his frost on my head,
Yet some of its blossoming honours are shed;
And I hope I remember, without being told,
If we live long enough, that we all must grow old.

So let me sit down in a humour for musing,
Since nothing is easier than wishing and chusing,
And gravely consider what life I'd commence
Should I reach to some fifteen or twenty years hence

The young ones swarm'd out, and all likely to thrive,
And something still left to maintain the old hive,
I'd retire with my dame to a vill of my own,

Where we'd nestle together, like Darby and Joan,

On the slope of a hillock be plac'd my retreat,

With a wood at the back, and a stream at its feet;

In front be a meadow, rich, verdant, and gay,

Where my horse and a cow may find pasture and hay.

A garden, before, I must not be without,

With walls or high hedges well fenc'd all about,

All blushing with fruit, and all fragrant with flowers,

With dry gravel walks, and with sweet shady bowers.

For my house, if 'tis lightsome and roomy and warm,

Fit to take in a friend, and to keep out a storm,

I care not a straw whether brick, stone, or plaster;
 And if 'tis old-fashion'd, why so is the master.

Of poultry and pigeons 'tis needless to speak,
 How my geese they shall cackle, my sucking-pigs squeak;
 All this is essential to good country fare,
 And 'tis not my intention to live upon air.

So much for externals;—and now to *myself*,
 A thing more important than dainties and pelf;
 For it signifies little how clever the plan,
 If the source of enjoyment be not in the *man*.

Unambitious by nature, pacific and cool,
 I have not many turbulent passions to rule;
 And, when rightly matur'd by reflection and age,
 I may put on the semblance, at least, of a sage.

But let me beware lest I sink, in the close,

Too soon in the arms of lethargic repose,

My heart void of feeling, of fancy my head,

And to each warm emotion as cold as the dead.

O sweet Sensibility! soul of the soul!

I'll purchas'd the wisdom that thee must controul:

Of thy kindly spirit when once we're bereft,

In life there is nothing worth living for left.

Then let it be ever the chief of my art

To foster a generous glow in my heart,

Give way to effusions of friendship and love,

And the palsy of age from my bosom remove:

My boys and their spouses, my girl and her mate,

Shall come when they please, and ne'er knock at the gate;

And at Christmas we'll revel in mirth and good cheer,
 Tho' we live poorer for it the rest of the year.

An old friend from the town shall sometimes take a walk,
 And spend the day with me in sociable talk;
 We'll discuss knotty matters, compare what we've read,
 And, warm'd with a bottle, move gaily to bed.

When evenings grow long, and we're gloomy at home,
 To vary the scene, 'mongst my neighbours I'll roam;
 See how the world passes, collect all the news,
 And return with a load of new books and reviews.

In short, 'tis the sum of my wish and desire,
 That cheerfulness ever my breast should inspire;
 Let my purse become light, and my liquor run dry,
 So my stock of good spirits hold out till I die.

I have nothing to ask in the finishing scene
 But a conscience approving, a bosom serene,
 To rise from life's banquet a satisfied guest,
 Thank the Lord of the feast, and in hope go to rest.

A WIFE'S ABSENCE LAMENTED.

Anno conjugii 13.

WHENE'ER in verse or flowery prose
 The youthful lover vents his woes,
 And the long labour'd column fills
 With all his catalogue of ills,
Absence we find, above the rest,
 In all his saddest rhet'ric drest;
 And still he chides " the heavy hours"
 That keep him from the charmer's bowers;
 Still tells his sorrow to the groves,
 " When absent from the maid he loves."

But, if the fancy-smitten swain
 Can thus in doleful notes complain
 Of what, perhaps, but gives him ease,
 Lessening a tyrant's power to tease,
 How should the tender husband mourn
 When from his faithful partner torn;
 When absence from a much-lov'd wife
 Of every pleasure robs his life!
 Then, idle whining tribe! give way,
 While I my real loss display;
 And tell each comfort and each bliss
 That long I've had, and now I miss.
 I want—the mistress of my board;
 The guardian of my little hoard;

The ruler of my small domain;
Th' instructress of my infant train;
My best adviser, surest guide,
Of faith approv'd, of wisdom tried;
The soother of each pain and grief;
From toil and care the sweet relief;
The friend, of sense and taste refin'd,
In all my fav'rite studies join'd;
The cheerful partner of my day,
With whom the hours roll swift away;
The lovely sharer of my night,
Sweet source of ever new delight,
Within whose fond encircling arms
I taste of more than virgin charms.

All these my DELIA was to me,

And these, when she returns, will be.

What lover then has cause to sigh

For absence half so much as I?

Yet cease, my heart! complain no more,

But count the joys thou hast in store.

A WINTER PIECE.

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow;
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
Prest her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say:

" Oh cruel was my father, that shut his door on me,
And cruel was my mother, that such a fight could see,
And cruel is the wintry wind that chills my heart with cold,
But crueller than all, the lad that left my love for gold!

Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast;

Ah little thinks thy father how sadly we're distressed!

For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,

He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone:

Oh let my tears revive thee; so warm that trickle down.

My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before they fall;

Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou'rt now bereft of all."

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow,

And wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe:

She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side;

Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head, and died.

DUNCAN'S WARNING.

As o'er the heath, amid his steel-clad Thanes,
 The royal DUNCAN rode in martial pride,
 Where, full to view, high-topp'd with glittering vanes,
 Macbeth's strong towers o'erhung the mountain's side;

In dusky mantle wrapp'd, a grisly form
 Rush'd with a giant's stride across his way;
 And thus, while howl'd around the rising storm,
 In hollow thundering accents pour'd dismay.

Stop, O King! thy destin'd course,
 Furl thy standard, turn thy horse,

Death besets this onward track,

Come no further,—quickly, back.

Hear'st thou not the raven's croak?

See'st thou not the blasted oak?

Feel'st thou not the loaded sky?

Read thy danger, King, and fly.

Lo, yon' castle banners glare

Bloody through the troubled air;

Lo, what spectres on the roof

Frowning bid thee stand aloof!

Murder, like an eagle, waits

Perch'd above the gloomy gates,

Just in act to pounce his prey;

Come not near—away! away!

Let not plighted faith beguile;

Honour's semblance, Beauty's smile;

Fierce Ambition's venom'd dart

Rankles in the fest'ring heart.

Treason, arm'd against thy life,

Points his dagger, whets his knife,

Drugs his stupifying bowl,

Steels his unrelenting soul,

Now 'tis time; ere guilty night

Closes round thee, speed thy flight.

If the threshold once be crost,

DUNCAN! thou'rt for ever lost.

On he goes!—resistless Fate

Hastes to fill his mortal date:

Cease, ye warnings, vain tho' true.

Murder'd King, adieu! adieu*!

* The idea of this messenger of terror, here engrafted on the story of Macbeth, is derived from an incident which the French historians relate to have occurred to Charles VI. in the forest of Mans.

SUSANNA'S VIGIL.

... TWELVE times the flow-voic'd village clock
From moss-grown turret founded deep ;
The guardian dogs, the folded flock,
And toil-spent hinds, were sunk in sleep.

Alone SUSANNA wak'd: her arm,
Tear-moisten'd, propt her languid head ;
Full on her heart she felt th' alarm,
And sudden started from her bed.

On this sad night a year had roll'd,
A year of sorrow's darkest shade,

Since low beneath the hallow'd mould

Her WILLIAM's clay-cold corse was laid.

Too well her memory kept the date

Of woes that knew but one relief;

And forth she went, with tottering gait,

To taste the luxury of grief.

Across the green, the church-yard way

She scarce discern'd amid the gloom,

Till from the moon a friendly ray

Burst thro' and gleam'd on WILLIAM's tomb.

With throbbing breast she sought the place,

And knelt beside the sacred stone;

To heav'n she turn'd her pallid face,

And clasp'd her hands in speechless moan.

At length she cried (her hollow voice

Broke awful thro' the shades of night),

“ Dear object of my earliest choice,

Once my heart's joy, my eyes' delight;

If yet, a spirit clad in air,

Thou hover'ft round these cold remains;

If earthly things be yet thy care,

Thy once-lov'd friends, and native plains;

Oh turn thy pitying looks of love

On her, thy own betrothed maid;

Brood o'er her like the tender dove,

And fly to thy SUSANNA's aid!

Twelve dismal months this tortur'd breast

Nor joy nor soft repose has felt;

Oh enter thou, a fainted guest,

And grief in holy fervours melt!

So shall these poor remains of breath

No more in sighs accuse my fate;

But for the welcome stroke of death

In peace my patient soul shall wait."

This said, she rose: and now she hears

(With Fancy's fond illusions warm)

Sweet music trilling in her ears,

And sees her WILLIAM's glitt'ring form.

The vision ceas'd.—She slow returns,

With backward look and falt'ring pace;

With rapture's fire her bosom burns,

While feverish lustre lights her face.

Now faint, exhausted, on her bed

Her limbs the lovely mourner throws;

Kind sleep around his poppies shed,

And Nature sinks in calm repose.

But deep within her aching breast

Lurks the keen foe that saps her life;

And soon in one eternal rest

Must close the forrowing ling'ring strife.

ARTHUR AND MATILDA.

BRIGHT shone the stars, the moon was sunk,

And gently blew the breeze,

As, homeward-bound, the stately ship

Rode o'er the Indian seas.

High on the poop in lonely watch

Young ARTHUR pensive stood,

And eyed the quivering lights of heav'n

Reflected in the flood.

But many and many a league his thoughts

O'er land and water roam;

They fly to Britain's distant isle,

To dear MATILDA's home.

His busy fancy paints the fair

Array'd in all her charms ;

He tastes the kiss of sweet return,

And folds her in his arms.

Till waken'd from his rapturous dream

He hears the flapping sails,

And chides, with fond impatience stung,

The tardy-winged gales.

" O waft me, some kind Power, he cried,

With speed to Britain's shore ;

Placed by the side of her I love,

I'd ask of Fate no more !

Blow, blow, ye slumbering winds, ye sails

Catch every fleeting breath;

The stormy blast with danger swells,

But this delay is death."

Then, as across the wat'ry waste

He bent his cheerless eyes,

From out the gloom a whitening form,

Dim-seen, appear'd to rise.

Swift-gliding on the light it grew;

And now, in prospect plain,

A little boat was seen to come,

Self-mov'd athwart the main:

And in the stern, in glist'ring white,

A maiden sat to guide:

Right to the ship she steer'd her course,

And soon was at the side.

Young ARTHUR, speechless with amaze,

Beheld the wond'rous fight,

And seem'd a well-known face to view,

That shone with paly light.

With beating heart and mind disturb'd

He gaz'd upon the maid,

Who upward turn'd an eager look,

And "Know't me not?" she said.

"O'er ocean wide, thro' dashing waves,

Behold MATILDA come

To meet her ARTHUR on his way,

And bear him to her home.

A home unblest, forlorn, and dark,

While thou art absent still ;

A narrow house ; but yet a place

Is left for thee to fill.

Long, long enough with bitter pangs

My faithful breast was torn ;

Long, long enough in sad despair

I only liv'd to mourn :

But now 'tis o'er——again we meet,

But not again to part !

Come then, descend, embark with me,

And trust thy pilot's art.

Ere star-light yields to morning-dawn

A thousand leagues we'll sail ;

I care not how the current runs,
Or which way blows the gale."

"What may this mean?" with falt'ring voice,
The trembling ARTHUR cried:

"But if MATILDA calls, I come,
Whatever may betide."

Then o'er the ship's tall side he sprung,
His promis'd bride to meet;
She drew beneath her little boat
To stay his tottering feet.

"Now touch me not, but distant fit,
And trim the boat with heed."

The youth obey'd: she turn'd the helm;
The vessel flew with speed.

"How pale and wan thy face, my love!

How sunk and dead thine eyes!

And sure some corpse's winding-sheet

Thy cloak and hood supplies!"

"My face may well be pale, my love!

The night is dank and cold;

And closer than a winding-sheet

What garment can enfold?"

No more could ARTHUR speak, for fear

And wonder froze his blood;

He wildly eyed MATILDA now,

And now the darksome flood.

In awful silence all the night

They bounded o'er the tide;

The boat ran rippling thro' the brine

That foam'd on either side.

At length the stars began to fade

Down in the eastern sky,

When dim the land before appear'd in view,

With cliffs o'erhung on high.

Straight for the shore the pilot maid

Steer'd on her venturous bark,

Where rugged rocks with hideous yawn

Disclos'd a cavern dark.

They enter:—ARTHUR shook with dread;

And “Whither now?” he cried:

“Peace, peace! our voyage is near its end,”

Her echoing voice replied.

Within the bowels of the ground

They plunged in blackest night;

Yet still MATILDA's ghastly form

Was seen in bluish light.

The boat now touch'd the further shore,

When straight uprose the maid:

"Now follow, youth! my home is nigh."

The shudd'ring youth obey'd.

A narrow winding path they take,

Drops trickling over head:

He sees her light before him glide,

But cannot hear her tread.

At last they come where mould'ring bones

Lie strew'd in heaps around,

And opening vaults on either hand

Gape in the hollow ground ;

And coffins rang'd in fable rows

By glimm'ring light appear :

MATILDA stopt, and wav'd her hand,

And said, " My home is here.

If thou MATILDA's house wilt share,

Behold the narrow space •

Then welcome, youth ! now truly mine,

And take a bride's embrace."

Young ARTHUR stretch'd his doubtful arms

To meet the clasping maid ;

When, lo ! instead of fleshly shape,

He grasp'd an empty shade.

The life-blood left his fluttering heart,

Cold dews his face bespread,

Convulsive struggles shook his frame,

.....

And all the Vision fled *.

* The idea of this Piece was taken from a ballad translated by an ingenious friend from the German of Buirgher. The story and scenery are however totally different, and the resemblance only consists in a visionary journey.

TO MISS E. ON HER HAIR.

ANNA! cease with envious care

Thus to veil thy lovely face,

While beneath that shade of hair

Buried lies full many a grace.

Where's the brow as iv'ry clear?

Where the cheek's delightful glow?

Where the nicely-rounded ear,

And the well-turn'd neck of snow?

Yet those auburn locks of thine,

Down thy face that waving play,

And in wanton ringlets twine,

Who could bear to lop away?

Soon enough by Fashion's hand

Shall those flowing curls be drest,

And each feature marshall'd stand,

Fatal to the gazer's rest.

But let me, secure from harm,

Lift the veil that checks my sight,

Let me view each rising charm

With a father's calm delight.

Forty summers I have seen,

Time enough to make me wife!

I can look at bright sixteen

With pleas'd, but undefiring eyes.

A FIRE-SIDE MEDITATION.

ALONE, with books encompass'd round,
 Immers'd in studious thought profound,
 I sit, in elbow-chair reclin'd,
 With wrinkled brow and hands entwin'd,
 Regardless of the taper's blaze,
 While length'ning snuff obscures its rays;
 And conjuring up to fancy's eye
 The shade of many a year gone by,
 I view it in its livery drest
 Of gloomy, gay, or varied vest,

With all its evanescent train,
The baby forms of joy and pain.
As thus I muse, a fond desire,
In reason's semblance, bids inquire
From what kind source imparted, flow
Man's choicest blessings here below;
What the best boon of Nature's giving,
That makes our lives most worth the living;
The precious drug whose taste and flavour
O'erpowers a world of bitter favour?
No tedious doubts my mind perplex;
Felicity's of female sex:
From *female features* she dispenses
The beams that gladden all the senses;
And gives us in the *female soul*
A charm all sorrow to controul.

As to the wand'rer in the night,
When scarce a star affords its light,
The far-stretch'd wild and forest drear
Involv'd in horror's gloom appear ;
If chance the moon, with rising beam,
Thro' the dun mantle flings a stream
Of silver radiance, darkness flies,
And brighten'd prospects cheer his eyes :
So, deck'd in smiles and modest grace,
When love illumines the matron face ;
Or from the virgin's blooming cheek
Kind thoughts and sprightly meanings speak,
The genial heat and vivid ray
Chase the black fiends of life away ;
Care's frightful phantoms soon are fled,
Dull languor lifts his heavy head,

And rescued Man is forc'd to own,

To bless, is Woman's part alone.

O! when the sense of female charms

My frozen blood no longer warms ;

When proof to all the pleasing wiles,

Soft looks, sweet words, and sweeter smiles,

I fit, thro' privilege of age,

A moping melancholy fage ;

Tho' deep in philosophic lore,

Soon may the tasteless scene be o'er !

Forcold at heart, and cas'd in lead,

'Twere time indeed that I was dead !

TO THE BIRDS IN MY AVIARY.

SWEET birds ! within this netted bound
Who hop and flutter round and round,
Now lurking 'mid the foliage green,
Chirping, finging, scarcely seen ;
Now pecking on the earthy floor,
And turning every pebble o'er ;
Say, when you view in air above
On founding wings the pigeon rove,
Or rapid swallows soaring high,
Or sparrows gaily flirting by,
Do you not wish your lot to change,
And unconfin'd like them to range ?

But think, dear birds! within my reign

What ills you miss, what comforts gain.

Here needs no anxious care to shun

The limed twig, or murd'ring gun;

No hawk suspended over head

The instant marks to strike you dead;

Nor treach'rous weasel glides by night,

To fill your roosts with dire affright.

Wet to the skin, your kindred troop

In autumn's rains unshelter'd droop;

While you so snugly perch together,

And need not wet a single feather.

When all the world is hid in snow,

And ice-bound streams no longer flow,

And sweeping storms obscure the air,

I'll do the little wand'ers fare!

E

To some lone bush in flocks they hie ;
There, sunk in mute despondence, lie,
Or, pinch'd with cold and hunger, die:

}

While you, beneath your boarded shed,
Securely hous'd, and duly fed,
With crops well fill'd and plumage warm,
May sing away the wintry storm.

Such are the comforts kindly meant
To give your little hearts content ;
Sure these may freedom's loss outweigh,
If loss of freedom aught can pay !

But still sometimes I see you fret,
And peck with petty rage your net ;
Your fancy runs on fields and groves,
And rambling flights, and absent loves.

Think then on *me*, your lordly host,

An out-door prisoner at the most ;

By tether held, whose farthest bound

Stretches but twenty miles around,

Whilst all from Norfolk to Peru

Is just the same to me, as you ;

And distant friends I ne'er must see,

Unless they deign to come to me.

Do I repine?—sometimes—I may ;

But what am I the better, pray ?

Then let's be easy, Bird and Man,

And make the best of life we can !

PICTURESQUE: A FRAGMENT.

IN THE MANNER OF COWPER.

NEW follies spring; and now we must be taught
 To judge of prospects by an artist's rules,
 And PICTURESQUE's the word. Whatever scene,
 Gay, rich, sublime, stupendous, wide, or wild,
 Disdains the bounds of canvas, nor supplies
 Fore-ground and back-ground, keeping, lights and shades,
 To aid the pencil's power; contracts the brow,
 And curls the nose, of Taste's great arbiter,
 Too learned far to feel a vulgar joy.
 " That station shows too much—the boundless length

" Of dazzling distance mars the near effect.
 " Yon village spire, imbosom'd in the trees,
 " Takes from the scene its savage character,
 " And makes it smack of man; and those sleek kine
 " And well-fed steeds might grace a country fair,
 " But tame their outlines, and a heavy mass
 " Of glaring light gleams from their polish'd sides.
 " How stiff that conic hill? Those chalky cliffs
 " Rush forward on the sight, and harshly break
 " All harmony of keeping! 'tis as bad
 " As country parson's white-beplaster'd front!"

Such the grave doctrines of the modern sage,
 The *Prospect-Critic*, when, with half-shut eye,
 And hand-form'd tube, he squints at Nature's works,
 And takes them piece by piece; with six-inch square
 Metes out the vast horizon; culls, rejects,

Lights up, obscures, and blots the blessed fun.
And is it thus the handmaid Art presumes
To rule her mistress? thus would she confine
The Maker's hand to suit the copyist's skill?

In Nature all is fair—or, if ungrac'd
With flowing form and harmony of hues,
Yet by the force of some associate charm,
Some touch sublime, or contrast's magic power,
It awes, expands, delights, or melts the soul.

I love to see the lonely mountain start
Bold from the plain, whose huge tho' shapeless bulk
Shrinks Egypt's pyramids to pigmy toys:
I love the piny forest, many a mile
Blackening th' horizon, tho' a dreary moor
Fill up the space between; I joy to stand

On the bare ridge's utmost verge, air-propt,
And with an eagle's ken the vale below,
With all its fields, groves, farms, and winding rills,
At once drink in: still more my transport swells,
If sudden on my easy-turning eye
Bursts the wide ocean, tho' the dazzling blaze
Of noon-tide sun reflected from his waves
Confound all space in undistinguish'd light.
Celestial glory, hail! my ravish'd soul
Imbibes the bright effulgence, feels how weak
Art's feeble hand to imitate thy fires,
And clothe her colours in thy radiant vest.
But O, that once my longing eyes might view
The sky-topt Alps their spiry pinnacles
Build in mid air; or Norway's ragged cliffs
With fir befring'd!—what tho' their forms grotesque,
With lines abrupt and perpendicular, pain

Those tender optics that demand repose
On beauty's waving line; yet rather far
I'd fill my fancy from those mighty stores
Of vast ideas, graving on my brain
The forms gigantic of those sons of earth,
Than own whatever Claude and Pouffin drew.

Meanwhile my eye not undelighted roams
O'er flower-embroider'd meads, whose level length,
The leff'ning alders, dimly-gliding sails,
And sprinkled groups of cattle, faintly mark.
For all that painting gives I would not change
The heart-expanding view, when Autumn's hand
Wide o'er the champaign pours a billowy sea
Of yellow corn, o'erspreading hill and dale,
While from its isles of verdure scatter'd round,
Emerging hamlets lapt in plenty smile.

Nor does my fight disdain the rural box
 Of ruddy brick or plaster, neat and snug,
 With palifades before, and walls behind,
 And sheer-trimm'd hedges, for the garden's bound.
 The lines, indeed, are stiff, and glaring tints
 Refuse to blend, and not a tatter'd roof
 Or mouldering stone affords one single touch
 Of *picturesque*; but *happy man* dwells here,
 With peace, and competence, and sweet repose,
 And bliss domestic; these the mental eye
 Suffice to charm, and all *it* sees is good*.

* The author is by no means insensible to the fund of genuine taste, as well as the uncommon powers of description, possessed by the admired writer here alluded to; but he thinks he clearly discerns, that a habit of looking at nature merely with a reference to its affording objects for the pencil, has, at times, given a fastidiousness to his feelings, and led him away from the perception of those beauties of a superior order which charm the simpler lover of the country. If this has at all been the effect upon the accomplished *master* of the picturesque school, what must be that upon many of his disciples, the vulgar herd of imitators?

A SKETCH OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

PROPOSED AS A SUBSTITUTE TO THE INSTANCE OF
XERXES IN DR. JOHNSON'S IMITATION OF THE
TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL *.

Has toties optata exegit gloria penas.

JUVENAL.

SAY, dost thou bend a dazzled eye on state,

Pant high for power, and wish the name of Great!

See LOUIS, cradled king of wide domains,

Delighted grasp with boyish hand the reins:

All bend around, and worship at his nod,

And flattery's incense feeds the fancied god:

* Dr. Johnson has modernized all the examples of Juvenal except that of Xerxes.

The world's dread lord in every act is seen;
What grace of form! what majesty of mien!
His native wisdom scorns instruction's aid;
And, fenc'd with guards, his courage stands display'd.
The venal Muses cull the freshest bays,
And strive to dignify their abject praise;
And sober Hist'ry even yet will tell
He play'd the pageant figure wond'rous well:
He builds, loves, dances, nay he treads the stage,
And shines the glitt'ring hero of his age:
Gay courts, for once sincere, their lord admire,
And favour'd beauties feel a mutual fire.
With schemes of pleasure, glory takes her turn,
And wars and conquests in his bosom burn.
Elate with power, impatient of controul,
High thoughts of empire swell his haughty soul:

No laws he owns, but those which bound his might,
And every province near him is his right.
His ardent legions issue to the field;
Where'er they press, the hostile armies yield:
Towns scarcely summon'd ope their rampir'd gates;
Imperial *Austria* mourns her ravish'd states:
He bursts like Ocean o'er *Batavia's* plains,
The Ocean's self scarce guards her small remains.
By land, by sea, his terrors wide extend,
And menae'd sov'reigns at his footstool bend.
At length, arous'd by hatred or by dread,
The nations league, with *WILLIAM* at their head.
France conquers still, but, conquering, weaker grows,
And learns to fear her oft defeated foes;
While thro' her tatter'd splendours, worn and bare,
Pale want, and lean decay, and misery stare.

Adversity now comes with giant stride,
Dismay, disgrace, and beggary, by her side.
No more *Turenne* and *Condé* fill the scene;
Dire change for France! 'tis *Marlbro'* and *Eugene*.
Rout follows rout; till, deep in crimson stain,
The sun of *Louis* sets on *Blenheim's* plain.

Such gloom involves the monarch's alter'd fate;
But ills severer on the man await.
As strength and spirits sink in slow decay,
He sees his House to early deaths a prey;
The frequent funerals Bourbon's line deface,
And seem to threat extinction to the race.
Neglect, ingratitude, and factious strife
Imbitter all the sad remains of life.
Affliction's demons now possess him whole;
Sharp pain, his body; keen remorse, his soul:

Black superstition hovers o'er his head;

Women and priests besiege his dying bed;

He yields his breath with scarce one friendly tear,

And giddy crowds rejoice around his bier.

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF A COMMONWEALTH*.

Written in 1788.

Populi imperium, juxta libertatem; paucorum dominatio, regis libidini
propior est. TACIT.

O POWER, with firm majestic tread,
Commanding eye, and manly grace,
The native honours of whose head,
No glitt'ring gems or gold debase,
To THEE,—from trifling gorgeous things,
From titled slaves and pageant kings,

* By *Commonwealth*, the writer understands every form of government,
in which the basis of legislative power is laid in the great body of the people.

64 ODE TO THE GENIUS OF A COMMONWEALTH.

I turn disdainful:—THOU my breast inspire,
And give to sound thy praise with all a freeman's fire!

If earth's first sons, untaught and rude,
The lab'ring hind and shepherd swain,
By subtle craft or force subdu'd,
Receiv'd with awe a monarch's chain;
If filken Asia lov'd the rod,
And crouch'd before a mortal God;
Yet Art and Science chose thy fairer sway;
Thine was the flow'r of man, thy date was Reason's day.

O souls enslav'd to vulgar pride,
O dead to genuine glory's flame,
Who dare thy simple form deride,
And treat with scorn thy sacred name!

Search o'er th' historian's ample page,
Through ev'ry high heroic age,
And say if aught be found supremely great,
Like, Greece, thy noble deeds, and Rome's triumphant state?

Nor to the northern brood of war*

Was THY expanded rule unknown,

Who, whirl'd on Terror's scythed car,

O'erthrew the tyrant Roman's throne:

Unus'd to fear, the sworded band

Despis'd a despot's stern command:

Hence Europe's realms a milder sceptre sway'd,

Hence, Freedom struggling thro', Britannia's blood o'erpaid.

* Among the warlike tribes of Germany and the North, the office of *king* was only that of an elected leader in war, and head of the national councils in peace. The feudal system which succeeded the fall of the Roman empire, though totally adverse to the true principles of a commonwealth, yet powerfully controuled the absolute power of kings, and preserved, among the nobles at least, some ideas of liberty.

Of Sole Dominion's active force
 Let venal sophists idly boast;
 Can idiots steer in wisdom's course,
 Or babes lead on the warrior host?
 The haughty minion of the hour
 May wield awhile uncertain pow'r;
 But 'tis alone THY steady, strong controul
 Can bend each stubborn Part beneath the mighty WHOLE.

Witness the loud tempestuous strife
 That now o'er Gallia's land is roll'd,
 Where stifled Freedom strains for life,
 And panting Pow'r scarce keeps his hold.
 In vain, by daring Richelieu broke,
 Her nobles bow'd beneath the yoke,

And Louis * twin'd with his the nation's fame;
She scorns the vapid dregs of Bourbon's lofty name.

Batavia! thee the Muse shall mourn,

By friends and foes alike controul'd,

Thy native strength by faction torn,

By foreign arms thy freedom sold:

Such dire amends, alas! were due

To gen'ral rights usurp'd by Few;

So weak thy ill-built pow'r's contracted base,

Unfit to bear the load of Nassau's giant race †.

* Louis XIV. the splendour of whose reign seemed to console his subjects for their miseries, and for the total loss of their political freedom.

† The basis of the Dutch constitution was never properly laid. The self-appointed aristocracies in the towns have ever kept from the body of the people all share of political influence. Hence the want of a due constitutional balance to the excessive power of the Nassau family.

Meanwhile, beyond th' Atlantic tide,
 A people, new to sov'reign sway,
 Their bonds dissolv'd by regal pride,
 In peace their equal laws obey.
 No high-born partial claims encroach,
 No titled Great the Mean reproach:
 The wholesome rule is ev'ry freeman's choice,
 And Public Good prevails, while speaks the Public Voice.

Great Guardian 'of collected Man!
 Sole object of the Patriot's care!
 Thy form sublime let Britons scan,
 And fix their gen'rous passions there:
 Forgot each petty, selfish end,
 To THEE let ev'ry thought extend:
 Be THINE the public trust, the ruling part:
 Let Kings command the knee, but THOU possesse the heart.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. AIKIN,
STUDENT IN NEW COLLEGE, HACKNEY.

Μαλιστα δι, και προ των παλιν, ελευθερος εστω της γυναικος.
LUCIAN.

DEAR to my heart, my ARTHUR, friend and son!
How swiftly seem the circling years to run,
While, ripening through the silent lapse of time,
Thy blooming promise hastens to its prime!
Erewhile, on Mersey's bank, the vigorous boy
Plied the close task, or snatch'd the fleeting joy:
Then fields remote were trod, and distant streams
Beheld thy sports, and heard thy youthful themes.

Now, with the spreading form, the mind expands,
Exerts new powers, and stronger toil demands:
Thy well-skill'd masters point the glowing page,
And feed thee with the poet and the sage;
Prune thy young pinions for a bolder flight,
And try thine eyes with intellectual light.
At length thy footsteps seek the studious halls,
Where to her train, mature Instruction calls;
Where, as of old in Academus' groves,
The form benign of sacred Wisdom roves,
Those walls receive thee, which, with fav'ring eyes,
The Goddess view'd, as late she saw them rise,
Where, near to sight, for wealth and arts renown'd,
AUGUSTA rears her towers, and spreads her arms around.
Within these seats, by Freedom's hand design'd,
Rais'd by the liberal friends of human kind,

No slavish forms betray ingenuous youth,
And early quench the native zeal for truth;
Train pliant souls to take a master's bent,
School'd in the discipline of *blind assent*;
No mystic creeds chalk out their narrow line,
Nor human systems claim a right divine;
No fordid interest prompts th' unrighteous fear,
Left learning search with spirit too sincere:
Here, from the source divine, the fount of heav'n,
Flows the large stream as pure as it was giv'n;
With chasten'd daring, yet with upward eye,
Serene Philosophy here reasons high;
Rich Science spreads profuse her various store,
Still shews new scenes, and holds the lamp to more;
While every gentler Muse her aid imparts,
And fashions manly sense to letter'd arts.

Success and honour crown each generous plan
That aims to raise, adorn, ennoble Man;
To lift the soul from self and low desires;
To bid the bosom glow with social fires;
To clear the mists of Prejudice away;
Thro' Falsehood's night to pour the guiding ray;
To catch the radiant beams of Truth divine,
And point the path to Virtue's awful shrine!
Soon from these studious cloisters bursting forth
I see the forms sublime of *active worth*:
The *Moral Teacher*, copious, pure, and warm,
With words to move, and reason to inform:
The bold *Affector of the freeborn mind*,
Zealous her galling fetters to unbind,
Sworn foe to power usurp'd by force or fraud,
By title, age, and haughty names unaw'd:

The *Patriot* firm, whose unsubmitting soul
Nor flatt'ry melts, nor menaces controul,
True to his word, in every purpose just,
By private virtue mark'd for public trust:
The *Friend of man*, who, scorning soft repose,
From clime to clime contends with human woes;
Whose mild compassion temp'ring virtuous rage,
Presents a HOWARD to the coming age.

And thou, my ARTHUR, with unwearied force
If still thou urgest on thy forward course,
Ardent the prize of high desert to gain,
And fix thy foot in Learning's lofty fane;
If true to virtue still thy bosom beat,
And conscious worth inspire its genial heat;

Thou too amid the band mayst hold thy place,
 And shed a venial pride o'er all thy race;
 Break thro' the barriers of an humble state,
 Rank'd with the wise and good, far, far above the great.

SONNET TO MRS. BARBAULD.

March, 1790.

THUS speaks the Muse, and bends her brow severe:

“ Did I, LETITIA, lend my choicest lays,

“ And crown thy youthful head with freshest bays,

“ That all th’ expectance of thy full-grown year

“ Should lie inert and fruitless? O reverse

“ Those sacred gifts whose meed is deathless praise,

“ Whose potent charms th’ enraptur’d soul can raise

“ Far from the vapours of this earthly sphere:

“ Seize, seize the lyre! resume the lofty strain!

“ ’Tis time, ’tis time! hark how the nations round

“ With jocund notes of Liberty resound,

“ And thy own CORSICA has burst her chain!

“ O let the song to Britain’s shores rebound,

“ Where Freedom’s once-lov’d voice is heard, alas! in vain.”

SONNET

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE WASHINGTON,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

POINT of that *Pyramid*, whose solid base
 Rests firmly founded on a nation's trust,
 Which, while the gorgeous palace sinks in dust,
 Shall stand sublime, and fill its ample space;
Elected Chief of Freeman; greater far
 Than kings whose glittering parts are fix'd by birth;
 Nam'd by thy country's voice, for long tried worth,
 Her crown in peace, as once her shield in war:
 Deign, WASHINGTON! to hear a British lyre,
 That ardent greets thee with applausive lays,
 And to the *Patriot Hero* homage pays:
 O would the Muse immortal strains inspire,
 That high beyond all Greek and Roman fame,
 Might soar to times unborn thy purer, nobler name!

SONNET

TO THE REV. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL. D. F. R. S. &c.

PRIESTLEY! whose ardent ever-active soul

Thro' earth and heav'n has held unwearied flight,

And dipp'd her pinions in the fount of light,

Unaw'd by fear, and spurning vain controul:

Truth's dauntless champion! prompt her sacred cause

Alike with sword and buckler to defend;

Virtue's pure votary; Freedom's stedfast friend;

Patron of public rights and equal laws:

Go on triumphant! view with noble scorn

The bigot's rage, the pedant's bloated pride;

Secure, with Truth and Freedom at thy side,

To win thy stedfast way. O soon be born

That day whose beams no falsehood shall abide,

Bright *Reason's day!*—I hail th' approaching morn!

SONNET TO RICHARD PRICE, D. D. F. R. S.

ILLUSTRIOUS VETERAN in that noble band,
 Who, arm'd with Reason's panoply divine,
 And train'd by Virtue, round the radiant shrine
 Of Liberty, a stedfast phalanx stand:
Friend of all human kind! whose generous soul,
 By no mean interest cramp'd, no partial aim,
 Expatiates free, and, touch'd with heavenly flame,
 Speeds the large wish to blest, from pole to pole:
 THOU wilt not waver in the glorious fight,
 Tho' hate, and scorn, and calumny, assail,
 Foes long disdain'd! nor heed the gorgeous tale
 Of Prejudice in Wisdom's livery dight:
 For sooner shall the World's firm pillars fail,
 Than Freedom quench her fires, and Knowledge sink in
 night!

TO THE MEMORY OF
MISS MARY ANNE BAYLEY.

FOR INSCRIPTION ON A DOMESTIC MONUMENT.

WHEN Loveliness, array'd in opening bloom,
Fram'd to delight the sense, the heart to cheer,
Sinks early blasted to the silent tomb,
Who can suppress the sigh, restrain the tear?
Such was the treasure lost, these lines record;
And on the stone, perus'd by kindred eyes,
Long shall *that Name*, in faithful memory stored,
Bid sorrows flow, and keen regrets arise.
But Faith sheds comfort on the troubled mind,
And Gratitude recounts what once was giv'n:
To HIM who lent it be the boon resign'd:
What soul too spotless, kind, and good, for heav'n?

ON THE DEATH OF J. HOWARD, ESQ.

HOWARD, thy task is done! thy Master calls,
And summons thee from Cherfon's distant walls.

" Come, well-approv'd! my faithful servant! come;

" No more a wand'rer, seek thy destin'd home.

" Long have I mark'd thee with o'er-ruling eye,

" And sent admiring angels from on high,

" To walk the paths of danger by thy side,

" From death to shield thee, and thro' snares to guide.

" My *Minister of good*, I've sped thy way,

" And shot thro' dungeon glooms a leading ray,

" To cheer, by thee, with kind unhop'd relief,

" My creatures lost and whelm'd in guilt and grief.

" I've led thee, ardent, on thro' wond'ring climes,

" To combat human woes and human crimes.

" But 'tis enough!—thy *great commission's* o'er;

" I prove thy faith, thy love, thy zeal, no more.

" Nor droop, that far from country, kindred, friends,

" Thy life, to duty long devoted, ends;

" What boots it *where* the high reward is giv'n,

" Or *whence* the soul triumphant springs to heav'n?"

EPISTLE TO THE REV. W. ENFIELD, LL.D.

ON PERUSING IN MANUSCRIPT HIS ABRIDGMENT
OF BRUCKER'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare atque viam palantes quaerere vitæ.

LUCRET.

O FRIEND, to whose clear sight the mystic roll
Of wisdom lies display'd, where spreading wide
From India's, Egypt's, or Chaldea's root,
Thro' fertile Grecian branches, to the boughs
And twigs innumerable of a later growth,
The *Tree of Knowledge* stands, opaque and full,

(I ween, not fruitless, like the shady elm
 Of Orcus, where each leaf conceal'd a dream;)

Suspend thy toil severe, and deign awhile
 On me, thy old companion, long belov'd,
 Much favour'd, to bestow the precious boon
 Of open converse, such as friendship loves,
 And freedom dictates. Many a school-drawn knot,
 Tough web of sophistry, and tangled skein
 Of metaphysic, by thy skilful hand
 I see unravell'd, and with thee can soar,
 Borne by the puffy gas-inflated ball
 Of Speculation, to those fields of air
 Where elements are bred, and systems nurs'd.
 But, for such subtle regions all too gross,
 I gravitate to earth; and rather love
 By clear Ilissus, or the shady groves

Of Tusculum, or Tibur's still retreats,
 To court the placid power of *moral truth*.
 Come then, my friend! whose pure benignant breast
 Is wisdom's best interpreter, O come,
 And teach me *how to live*; for, sure, 'tis time,
 When from the traveller's gaze the west'ring sun
 Posts down the sky, 'tis time his course were fix'd!

What, then, is man's chief bliss?—to lift the soul,
 By lonely Contemplation, to the source
 Of good and fair; with Reason's essence pure
 To feed the thought; and on the trivial scene
 Of sublunary things look down unmov'd,
 Self-honour'd, self-dependent—or to call
 Each potent energy to active use,
 And urge the flying moments with the weight

Of strong exertion, pressing ardent on
 To some bright point of distance—or to steal
 With loitering foot along the vale obscure,
 And pluck gay flowers, and dally with the time
 In careless sport, and song, and converse sweet,
 Delightful interchange!—or, plodding on,
 With rule in hand, with grave and measur'd step,
 To pace the level, line-drawn avenue,
 Where business, meals, and sleep, in order due,
 Like shrubs and statues in a Dutchman's walk,
 Succeed unvaried? Say, in which of these,
 The paths of human life, her fairy tread
 Has Happiness imprinted? Shall we try,
 By beating wide the ground, to catch a glimpse
 Of the still-flying phantom; or pursue
 With heedful diligence one chosen track?

For me, whom Fate has destin'd to the round
 Of sober business, and as sober joys;
 Whose roving wing is clipt; whose eager eye,
 A-gaze for distant wonders, must contract
 Its narrow'd focus to a map and book;
 Who, for the vivid flash of living wit,
 And voice-clad eloquence, must court the beams
 That shine in faint reflexion from the page;
 How shall I best preserve the genial flame
 Alive within my breast? how trim the lamp,
 And clear from gathering dregs and vapours dim?
 Soon, soon, the brief delights of sense must fail;
 And buoyant spirits, from the rapid tide
 Of youthful blood evolv'd, wax tame and dull:
 What then shall save me from the palsying grasp
 Of cold Indifference, leagued with sick Disgust,

Slack Listlessness, and sullen Melancholy?
 Terrific group! Will poring o'er the leaves
 Of sage Philosophy, with elbow chair,
 Fire-side, and winking taper, chase away
 These black intruders? Ah! too well I know,
 Already know, how hang the heavy hours
 Of studious Indolence, that only seeks
 In thoughts of other men to lose its own.
 Then shall I seize the quill;—screw high each chord
 That vibrates in the brain; dilate the breast
 With mighty heavings; rouse the throbbing heart
 With keen emotions; touch with noble fire;
 And pour the glowing torrent on the page?
 Or, arm'd with patient industry, lead on
 To flow maturity some fair design,
 The child of use and knowledge, which may stand

A monument for ages? such as thine,
 Where learning, sense, and lucid order, clad
 In clear expression, frame a perfect whole.
 Or rather, pens and books thrown far aside,
 Resume Ambition's fire; with desperate plunge
 Rush in the crowd, and elbowing on my way
 Thro' friends, thro' foes, and fierce Contention's din,
 Catch at some gilded prize, some meteor gay,
 And, having touch'd it,—drop!

Thus, void of certain aim, not straying wide,
 Perplex'd, not lost, I take my dubious way.
 And wilt not thou a friendly arm extend
 To point my footsteps, and with cheering voice
 Exhort to steadfast march and bold advance?
 Long in the prime of manhood, side by side

We ran, and joy'd to give the mutual hand
In paths obscure and rugged:—sever'd now,
I miss the dear companion of my road,
And wander lonely. Yet, what Fate allows,
Let me not want:—the frequent words of love,
The prudent counsel, admonition kind,
And all the free o'erflowings of the soul,
In letter'd intercourse;—and sometimes, too,
More valu'd, as more rare, the *Friend entire*.

90
HORATIAN PHILOSOPHY.

From scenes of tumult, noise, and strife,
And all the ills of public life;
From waiting at the great man's gate,
Amid the slaves that swell his state;
From coxcomb poets and their verses;
From streets with chariots throng'd, and hearfes:
From rattling spendthrifts and their guests,
And dull buffoons with scurvy jests;
From fashion's whims, and folly's freaks;
From shouts by day, and nightly shrieks;

O let me make a quick retreat,
And seek in haste my country seat;
In silent shades forgotten lie,
And learn to live, before I die!
There, on the verdant turf reclin'd,
By wisdom's rules compose my mind;
My passions still, correct my heart,
And meliorate my better part:
Quit idle hope, and fond desire,
And cease to gaze where fools admire:
With scorn the crowd profane behold
Enslav'd by sordid thirst of gold,
Nor deign to bend at such a shrine,
While priest of Phoebus and the Nine.
Nor would I shun the student's toil,
But feed my lamp with Grecian oil.

Sometimes thro' Stoic walks sublime
Up the rough steep of Virtue climb;
From philosophic heights look down,
Nor heed if Fortune smile or frown;
In Wisdom's mantle closely furl'd,
Defy the tempests of the world;
And, scorning all that's *not our own*,
Place every good in mind alone.
Then, sliding to an easier plan,
Put off the God, to be the Man;
Resolve the offer'd sweets to prove
Of social bowls, gay sports, and love;
Give forward life its childish toy,
Nor blush to feel, and to enjoy.
Yet ever, as by humour led,
Each path of life in turn I tread,

Still to my first great maxim true,

On Moderation fix my view;

Let her with tempering sway preside

O'er Pleasure's cup and Learning's pride;

And by her sage decrees o'er-rule

The dogmas of each sturdy school.

Opinion thus may various play,

While Reason shines with steady ray,

And casts o'er all the shifting scene

Her sober hue, and light serene.

CUPID AND HIS TUTOR.

IMITATED FROM BION, IDYL. III.

SLUMBERING beneath the shade I lay,
 Opprest by Sol's meridian ray,
 When to my eyes, in vision bright,
 Appear'd the queen of soft delight;
 Young Cupid in her hand she led,
 Who bashful hung his little head.
 "Here, gentle swain!" the Goddess cried;
 "My boy's maturer studies guide;
 Teach him to strike the sounding lyre,
 And love of sacred bards inspire."
 She said:—with awe I took the child,
 And, by his modest looks beguil'd,

Began to read, with aspect sage,

My lecture on great Homer's page;

Explain'd the Theban's devious line,

And dwelt on Maro's verse divine.

The giddy boy with flight regard

Ran o'er each grave majestic bard,

And said he would my pains repay,

By teaching me *his* fav'rite lay.

Then careless fung of loves and smiles,

His wanton pranks, his mother's wiles,

Of mortal and immortal flames,

And all the list of sportive dames.

I bade him cease his idle prate:

Yet list'ning still, I found, too late,

I'd quite forgot the tutor's part,

But had his nonsense all by heart.

ULYSSES IN THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO.

Ηματα δ' ἐν πείρησι καὶ ἡιονισσοὶ καθίζων,
 Δακρυῖσι καὶ ζοναχχοῖσι καὶ ἀλγέσι θυμὸν ἐριχθών,
 Πορτὸν ἐπ' ἀτρυγέον διεκίσκετο, δακρυὰ λείβων.

Οδ' ι.

STRETCH'D on a rock the grief-worn wanderer lies,
 And o'er the ocean strains his lab'ring eyes:
 Far off the sea and dim horizon meet,
 And restless waves break murmuring at his feet.
 Here, as the fad, the soft ideas roll,
 Deep floods of anguish whelm his mighty soul:
 In fancy's glass his Ithaca appears,
 And mid' the main her rocky bulwark rears.

He sees his Sire, bow'd down with age and woe,

In sorrow journeying to the shades below.

His faithful spouse, whom, ripe in youthful charms,

He hardly yielded from his clasping arms,

In mournful vision ever haunts his view,

Pale, speechless, faint, as at the last adieu.

His child, dear only offspring of his joys,

In many a shape the tender thought employs:

He sees a smiling infant at the breast

With fond caresses softly lull'd to rest:

The playful boy, the vigorous youth, succeeds:

At every change the heart paternal bleeds.

Consuming thus in sighs and tears away,

The wretched exile wastes the live-long day.

In vain a Goddess, ever young and fair,

Invites the banquet and the couch to share;

H

He shuns the board with cates ambrosial spread,
 And coldly presses a celestial bed.
 The thoughts of *home* each rising joy controul,
 And tender longings all absorb his soul.

ON TROY.

IMITATED FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM.

WHERE, hapless ILIUM! are thy heav'n-built walls,
 Thy high embattled tow'rs; thy spacious halls;
 Thy solemn temples, fill'd with forms divine;
 Thy guardian Pallas, in her awful shrine?
 The mighty Hector, where?—thy fav'rite boast;
 And all thy valiant sons, a numerous host;
 Thy arts, thy arms, thy riches, and thy state;
 Thy pride of pomp, and all that made thee great?
 These, prostrate all, in dust and ruin lie;
 But thy transcendent fame can never die:
 'Tis not in fate to sink thy glories past;
 They fill the world, and with the world shall last.

O N T R O

SENECÆ HERCUL. FURENS.

ACT IV. CHORUS.

— tuque, O domitor

Somne laborum, requies animi,

Pars humanæ melior vitæ

Qui par regi famuloque venis,

Placidus fessum lenisque foyers:

Pavidum leti genus humanum

Cogis longam discere mortem;

A CHORUS

**FROM THE HERCULES FURENS OF SENECA,
FREELY TRANSLATED.**

ARGUMENT.

Hercules, inspired by the furies with a fit of frenzy, kills his wife and children; after which, nature being exhausted, he falls into a disturbed slumber. The Chorus assembling round him, sing as follows:

O GENTLE Sleep! thou sweet relief

From anxious care and restless strife;

Kind medicine of corroding grief;

The better part of human life:

Of kings and slaves impartial friend,

In peace thou bid'st the weary lie;

And mortals, fearful of their end,

Teachest how easy 'tis to die.

Preme devictum torpore gravi.

Sopor indomitos alliget artus; A

Nec torva prius pectora linquat,

Quam mens repetat pristina cursum.

En fufus humi fæva feroci

Corde volutat fomnina: nondum est

Tanti pestis superata mali:

Clavæque gravi lassum solitus

Mandare caput, quærit vacuâ

Pondera dextrâ, motu jactans

Brachia vano: nec adhuc omnes

Expulit æstus: sed, ut ingenti

Vexata Noto servat longos

Unda tumultus, et jam vento

Come! in thy potent fetters bind

The hero's yet unconquer'd frame;

Lock up each sense, o'erpow'r his mind,

And all the rising frenzy tame.

Lo, while on earth disorder'd thrown,

What horrid dreams before him roll!

The sudden start, the stifled groan,

Bespeak the tumult of his soul.

With arms around him vainly tost,

He seeks the well-known club to rear;

Still, still in direful visions lost,

He seems to think the foe is near.

And as the waves the tempest o'er,

Still heav'd with former rage possess,

Cessante tumet. Pelle infans.

Fluctus animi: redeat pietas.

Virtusque viro. Vel sit potius.

Mens vesano concita motu,

Error cæcus, quâ cæpit, eat.

Solus te jam præstare potest.

Furor infontem.

The sudden start, the stifled groan,

Helps the tumult of his soul.

With arms around him vainly toss,

He feels the well-known club to tear;

Still, still in dismal visions lost,

He seems to think the foe is near.

And as the waves the temple o'er,

Still heaves with former rage and power.

And idly foaming lash the shore,

So boils the tide within his breast.

Come then, soft God! benignant shed

Thy holy dew thro' every vein;

From fumes of passion purge his head,

And let him rise a Man again.

What have we wish'd! — the bloody scene

How e'er shall Reason's eye endure?

No heart can bear remorse so keen,

And only Madness brings a cure.

CUJUSMODI CUPIT POST VITAM TUMULUM,

Non mihi formicibus Paris, Graecaeque Caristis

Visceribus caesus contegat ossa lapis.

Nec tumulum exornent operosi munere coeli

In varias facies marmora ficta meum

THE MYRTLE,
OR
DESIRED TRANSMIGRATION.

**A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE LATIN OF
 JANUS ETRUSCUS.**

WHEN creeping Time shall steal away my breath,

And stop each motion of this fine-wrought frame;

When wither'd by the blasting hand of Death,

I shrink again to clay from whence I came:

'Tis not my wish that o'er my lifeless dust

Huge piles of sculptur'd marble should arise;

That mimic laurel should surround my bust,

And the tall obelisk invade the skies.

Sed postquam effœctum corpus lucemque perosa

Exierit campos vita sub ærios, E H T

Tunc teneri cineres sœpemaque busta poëtæ

Obruat exiguo cespite mollis humus. DESIR

Tunc ego, gleba licet, studii non immemor acti,

Consona quò vitæ sint sua fata meæ,

Confurgam Veneri gratus de cespite truncus,

Et fiam patulis Myrtus opaca comis.

Cui dabit inferias & adorea liba quotannis

Cum focio veniens culta puella tori.

Et circa tumulum gressu ter plaudet evanti

Ad calami raucos enthea turba modos.

Et dicent, Cujus cinis hac tellure quiescit,

Magnus amator erat, magnus amator obit.

Teligeri fuit ille Dei Venerisque sacerdos,

Et cujus fuerat nos quoque turba fumus:

No:—be the earth strew'd lightly o'er my corse,

And quickly with its kindred atoms blend;

And from the mass, by vegetation's force,

Bursting the mould; a verdant shrub ascend;

Congential with the man, the plant shall be;

The MYRTLE, sacred to the Queen of Love:

Yielding, and kind, and soft of soul is He,

And This, the gentlest native of the grove.

Around me, thus transform'd, a festal throng

Of youths and virgins every year shall meet,

And weave the dance, and raise the choral song,

And hand in hand this solemn verse repeat:

“ Who now within this bark at rest does dwell,

Was once a gentle bard, a lover true;

Turba sumus Veneris, Veneris juvat ergo poetæ

Dicere, terra precor non gravis ossa premat!

Fronde meâ pingues dum tondent gramina vaccæ,

Pastor ab æstivo sydere tutus erit:

Et placidam flavæ formam cantabit amicæ

Disparibus modulans carmen arundinibus.

Fors & amatoris frondes succedet easdem

Expugnata fui mollis amica prece;

Blandaue carminibus interferet oscula gratis,

Oscula vel cineres apta movere meos.

To Venus ever vow'd, he serv'd her well;

And we, O Venus! are thy servants too.

The fainting swain shall seek my grateful shade,

As in the noontide sun his cattle feed;

And while in thought he wooes the fav'rite maid,

To am'rous ditties tune his simple reed.

Sometimes, perchance, my shelt'ring boughs may hide,

From all but Cupid's view, a happy pair,

When, thaw'd her coldness, and subdu'd her pride,

The melting virgin grants her lover's pray'r.

Then, in each other's clasping arms entwin'd,

While lips on lips imprint the burning kifs,

And tender fighs, with fervent vows combin'd,

The rapt'rous earnest give of future bliss:

Tunc ego ramosas diffundam lætior umbras;

Signaque lætitiæ frons manifesta feret;

Splendidiusque virens testabor gaudia; crescet

Luxuria illorum, tunc mihi luxuria.

Illa ego, quæ fuero baccis modè myrtus amaris,

Attica tum vincam mella sapore novo.

Non erit invidiæ mihi formosus Cyparissus,

Thessalis aut Clario cruda puella deo.

I too shall feel the long-forgotten glow
To all my frame a new luxuriance give;
In brisker tides my mounting juices flow,
Till every trembling leaf shall seem to live.

Ah, then! I need not wish the loftier fate
Of Phœbus' laurel, or the oak of Jove.

What fairer doom a lover dead can wait,
Than still to sympathize with happy love?

AD FRANCISCUM TURRIANUM VERONENSEM.

TURRI, si aut mihi villa & lar sit lætior, aut tu
 Ferre domum tenuem possis, parvosque penates
 Urbe procul ruri sese abscondentis amici,
 Quantum ego te his mecum Cæphiis in montibus optem,
 Montibus his, ubi, si querulæ nemora alta cicadæ
 Non rumpant, equidem vix norim æstatis adesse
 Tempora, tam leni mitescit Julius aurâ!
 Sed quid, si est angusta domus, dum pulvere & omni
 Munda situ: dum sit nullo turbata tumultu,
 Nescia curarum, nullius conscia culpæ:

A COUNTRY LIFE:

FROM AN EPISTLE OF FRACASTORIUS TO HIS FRIEND

TURRIANUS.

WERE I of ampler means posselt
 With honour due to treat a guest,
 Or could you condescend to share
 My rural cot and humble fare,
 How should I joy to meet my friend
 Where hills and woods around extend;
 Where, but the shrill cicada's song,
 That chirps the lofty boughs among,
 No sign the fervid season shows,
 So fresh the mountain zephyr blows.

Alta ubi per totum fit pax, & amica Camoenis

Otia, & integri per magna silentia fomni?

Quid refert, alius minio laquearia rubra

Si inspicere, ipse velim fuligine nigra videre?

Si non dejectum cœlo Jovis igne Typhoëa,

Terrigenasque alios, spirantia signa, videbis

Admirans opus æterni memorabile Juli;

At bona Libertas aderit, quæ rura beata

Præcipue insequitur, simplexque incendit & ex lex.

Hic tibi, si paulo digitus sit inunctior, aut si

Potanti insonuit cyathus, vel si pede utroque

Non steteris, nemo objiciet, nemoque sedentem

Arguet, hoc illi si fors super incubuit crus.

Stare, federe, esse ex libito & potare licebit.

Forfitan &, mihi quid vitæ, quid sit studiorum,

Nosse optas, quo vel damnes, vel singula laudes.

Here, in my mansion small but neat,

From cares and business I retreat:

Within, all tranquil and serene,

No guilt disturbs the peaceful scene:

Without, the silence vast and deep

Invites the Muse, or lulls to sleep.

What tho' my plain and lowly halls

Can boast no painted roofs or walls,

Like those where Jove in thunder stands,

Immortal work of Julio's hands;

Yet Freedom here has fix'd her reign,

The pow'r that loves the rural plain;

Here roams at large, by forms unbound,

And sheds her sprightly influence round

Now let me to my friend display

The story of my passing day.

Mane venit; juvat Auroram Solemque videre
Nascentem, qui non alio confurgit Eo
Pulchrior, unde nova latentur singula luce,
Et silvæ, scopulique, & pictis nubibus ær.
Parte aliâ Benacum alto de colle saluto,
Centum cui virides invergunt flumina Nymphæ.
Ipse sinu magno Genitor magno excipit amne.

Tum juvat aut spectare boves mugitibus alta
Complentes nemora, aut pulsas in pascua capras.
Præ caper it, cui barba jubat, cui cornua pendent
Intorta, & grandes olido de corpore setæ.

The morn'ing breaks;—with curious eye,
I mark Aurora paint the sky,
And the great Sun uplift his head,
And streams of liquid splendor shed
To gild the gladden'd landscape o'er,
The rocks, and woods, and mountains hoar.
Then from the cliff thy flood I hail,
Benacus! where the low sunk vale
Thy wide expanded waters fill,
With treasures pour'd from many a rill.
A varied prospect next succeeds;
The lowing herds o'erspread the meads;
The goats go forth to browse the rock,
Led by the father of the flock,
For wreathed horns, and flowing beard,
And shaggy length of hair, rever'd.

Pone gregem reliquum compellit arundine virgo
Upilio, multo armanitur cui baltea fuso.

Interea natos discentes rustica amare
Numina, vicini nemoris gelidam voco in umbram,
Qui libros, qui secum horæ solatia portent.
Hic legitur, viridique toro, saxove sedetur
Glandiferâ sub fago, aut castaneâ hirsutâ.

At variae circum filvis, & frondibus altis
Assuetæ ludunt volucres, atque æthera mulcent.
Tum densum nemus atque umbræ per gramina læta
Jejunas nos invitant spatiarier horas.

At fessi hæc inter pueri sitiuntque, dolentque
Plus æquo retineri, & jam Musasque, librosque,
Et Pana, & gelidi pinus odere Lycæi.
Ergo præcurrere, & aquas, & vina pararunt
Lucenti in vitro, & flores spargere nitentes.

A virgin goat-herd walks behind,
Her belt with many a distaff lin'd.
Meantime within the neighb'ring grove
My boys attend, with early love
Inspir'd of all the rural pow'rs,
And taught t' improve the fleeting hours.
Here on a stone or turfy seat,
Where over head the branches meet
Of chefnut old or spreading beech,
By turns they read, in turn I teach;
While 'mid the leaves, their 'custom'd haunt,
The sportive birds their ditties chant:
Then on the verdant turf we walk,
And wear the morning hours in talk;
Till weary grown, a-thirst and faint,
The youths dislike their long restraint,

Advenio; primas atro lita mora cruore,
Aut grossi menfas ineunt; cors cetera, & hortus
Sufficit. Interea crebro sonat area pulsu,
Increpitat seges, & duri sub Sole coloni
Alternis terram feriunt & adorea flagris.
Fit clamor, resonat tellus rupeſque propinqua,
Et paleæ ſurſum ſtrepitu jactantur inanes:
Læta Ceres alto ridens deſpectat Olympo.

Umbra diem reliquum, ſomnus, librique, viæque
Producunt, dum ficcam æſtu Canis excoquit urbem.
Verùm, ubi cæruleis ſerus ſefe extulit undis
Veſper, & in cœlum ſurgentia ſidera vexit,
Vicinâ è ſpeculâ, magni admirator Olympi,
Altâ rupe ſedens natis aſtra omnia monſtro.
Accendoque animos patriæ cœleſtis amore.

And gladly quit the studious shade,

To see if dinner wants their aid.

One fills the jug, one draws the wine;

Flow'rs deck the board, the glasses shine.

I come:—the table's quickly stor'd

With what my own domains afford:

My yard its poultry yields; the fruits

My orchard gives; my garden, roots.

Meantime the lofty barn resounds

With measur'd strokes; the flail rebounds;

Crackles the straw, and to the skies

The empty chaff in eddies flies;

Echo the rocks and vallies green,

And Ceres views with smiles the scene.

Then quiet shades and soft repose

Succeed, while Phœbus hotly glows;

Illi admirari, & cognoscere sidera discunt,
Cepheaque, Arctonque, & servantem plaustra Bootem.
Hæc ergo præferre urbi, & contemnere magna
Si possis, quid te teneat, ne tu ocypus ad nos
Accuras? etiam has sedes, hæc limina magnus
Naugerus subiit, nec dedignatus adire est
Battus amor Musarum, ipsum quo tempore primum
Pana, atque antiquos cecinit Telluris amores.
Hic me etiam defueta Deæ, medicumque, senemque
Carmina iusserunt canere, & ridere beato
Illudentem urbem, & malefani murmura vulgi.
Verùm, hæc Gibertus ne viderit ipse, caveto;
Ni forsan Buhulone animum curasque relaxans
Propter aquam viridi lætus confederit herbà,
Qua placidus leni descendit Tartarus amne.
Scilicet hic numeros non asperantur, & audit
Nos etiam, & nostram, sit quamvis rustica, Musam.

And books, and walks, and harmless play,
Consume the remnant of the day.

But when, from out the azure main,

Fair Hesper issuing, leads his train

In gay procession o'er the sky,

I mount a neighb'ring watch-tow'r high;

And as with pace majestic roll

The brilliant orbs around the pole,

I tell their names, and point the place

Each holds in ether's boundless space,

And warm my youthful charge with love

Of their bright heritage above.

If, then, such cheap delights as these

My honour'd friend have pow'r to please,

Quick let him fly from crowds and care,

To breath at large our purer air;

Verum, ubi se sibi restituit, mentemque recepit
Illam alto intentam cœlo, seu sacra sacerdos
Munera obit, totum seu contemplatur Olympum,
Tum supra & Musas, & ruris Numina supra est,
Vitam agitans Divûm, Diis se cœlestibus æquans.

With me the vacant day prolong,
Repeat with me the cheerful song,
And join in pity for the great,
Oppress'd with all the load of state.

SESTINA IRREGOLARE.

VAGHE le montanine e pastorelle,
Donde venite sì leggiadre e belle?

Vegnam da l'alpe pressò ad un boschetto;
Piccola capannella è 'l nostrò sito;
Col padre e con la madre in picciol letto
Dove natura ci ha sempre nudrito.
Torniam la sera dal prato fiorito,
Che abbiàm pasciute nostre pecorelle.

A RURAL DIALOGUE.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ANGELO POLIZIANO.

My pretty maids, so blithe and gay,
With crook and scrip, whence come you, pray?

We come, Sir, from the neighb'ring hill,
Close by the fount of this clear rill.

There, in a little tuft of green,
Our father's straw-roof'd cot is seen.

Beneath that dear, tho' narrow, shed,

We, sisters all, were born and bred.

Our business is to tend our flocks

In yonder vale o'erhung with rocks;

Qual è 'l paese dove nate fiete?

Che sì bel frutto fovra ogni altro luce!

Creature d'amor voi mi parete,

Tanta è la vostra faccia che riluce.

Nè oro nè argento in voi non luce,

E mal vestite, e parete angiolelle.

Ben fi posson doler vostre bellezze,

Poi che fra valli e monti le monstrate:

Che non è terra di sì grande altezze

Che voi non foste degne ed onorate.

Ora mi dite se vi contentate

Di star ne l'alpe così poverelle.

When fed, we drive them home at eve;

So now, kind Sir! we take our leave.

O what must be the favour'd place,

That yields such charms and native grace,

As rustic weeds no more can shrowd,

Than noon-day's sun, an envious cloud!

Love's genuine progeny you seem,

From each fair face such pleasures beam.

Well might it grieve your beauties rare

To waste themselves on desert air,

When courts and cities would delight

To give them to the public fight!

But tell me, do you feel content,

Within these lonely regions pent?

Più è contenta ciascuna di noi

Gire a la mandria drieto a la pastura,

Più che non fate ciascuna di voi

Gire a danzare dentro a vostre mura.

Ricchezza non cerchiam nè piu ventura,

Se non be' fiori, e facciam grillandelle.

More true content within us dwells

While roving in the flow'ry dells,

Than fills the breasts of ladies great,

While dancing in the rooms of state.

No wealth we want, -or fine array;

Flowers are enough to make us gay.

HORACE,

ODE XXIII. BOOK III. IMITATED.

Caelo supinas fistuleris manus

TO THE POOR.

If pure of hand, and pure of heart,
To heaven you lift your humble vows,
And pay with grateful mind the part
Of service due, your lot allows;

The soft'ring influence from above
Shall on your heads like dew descend;

Shall bless you with a Father's love,

And make you feel your God, your friend.

The consecrated dome to raise,

And heaven-ward point the glitt'ring spire,

With gems to bid rich altars blaze,

And fill with solemn sounds the choir;

To feed with pomp Devotion's flame,

And show Religion deck'd with state;

These cares the high and wealthy claim:

Then leave them to the rich and great!

Before the Sov'reign of mankind

All earth-born splendours fade away:

He seeks the tribute of the mind,

And asks no more than *you* can pay.

Let thoughts of love and duty rise

Warm from a guiltless bosom's store,

And trust in such a sacrifice:

Not crowns nor mitres offer more!

THE END.

